

LAST OF THE PRETORIANS

Disappearance of an Institution That Has Been in Existence for 2,000 Years.

By EX-ATTACHE.

Although the Janissaries are declared by history to have been exterminated some ninety years ago by Sultan Mahmud II, they may be said to have survived until last week, for the bodyguard of Abdul Hamid, whose defense of the Yildiz Kiosk against the troops of the Constitutional party at Constantinople has been responsible for most of the bloodshed that has taken place during the recent disturbances, is identical in race and also in organization with those Janissaries who for nearly 500 years may be said to have played a dominant role in the history of the Turkish empire.

Recruited originally by Sultan Amurath I in 1360 from among his Christian captives and formed into his particular bodyguard, endowed by him and by his successors with favors and prerogatives of every kind, they were the principal source and foundation of the absolute power of the Padiashah. Yet at the same time they furnish a restraint upon his despotism. For while they defended him against every foe and against every danger from the outside, if he was imprudent enough to do anything calculated to offend him they did not hesitate to remove him.

Indeed, of the thirty Sultans who reigned during the period extending from the first organization of the Janissaries in 1360 until their massacre in 1826 as many as twenty-seven are on record as having met with their death at the hands of those entrusted with their safety—that is to say, the members of their bodyguard.

Before many years were passed, however, the Janissaries had been replaced by another bodyguard, perhaps less arrogant, less imperious, and more subservient to the Sultan's wishes. At one moment the imperial bodyguard was composed largely of Kurds, at another time of Bosnians, of Circassians, or of Magyar renegades, while Abdul Hamid throughout the thirty-five years of his reign relied entirely upon the Albanians. He had a very large force of them in and around the Yildiz Kiosk, several thousands in fact. Their pay was far higher than that of any other troops of the Ottoman army and, moreover, was never in arrears.

Their excesses were treated with indulgence by the authorities, and there have been instances of the grossest outrages, such as murders, perpetrated by their officers which the Sultan did not venture to punish for fear of displeasing them and of impairing their devotion. It must be admitted that they made a brave fight for him against overwhelming odds. In several instances detachments allowed themselves to be shot down to the last man rather than to surrender to the post of defense that they had been instructed to hold. They seem to have fought, indeed, as gallantly for the Sultan as the Swiss did for Louis XVI in 1792.

But their bravery was of no avail. They have been wiped out of existence. It has already been decided that the ruler of Turkey shall never be permitted to have a permanent bodyguard of his own again, lest it should become a danger to the constitution; and thus there disappears an institution which may be said to have had its origin 2,000 years ago, when Emperor Augustus formed his Pretorian cohort.

Each of his successors had his corps of Pretorians, and when the seat of the empire was transferred to Constantinople the system was retained by the Byzantine emperors, who, recruiting their guards partly from the Norse pirates and largely from the Anglo-Saxons and Gauls, entitled them Varangians. After the surrender of the capital of the East to the Moslems, the Varangian bodyguard of the Emperor Constantine was replaced by the Janissaries of Mohammed II.

During all the history of the Sultans of the dynasty of Ottoman their bodyguards have never been composed of full-blooded Turks or even of Arabs; and in the same way the Pretorians of the Roman Caesars and the picked soldiers and officers assigned to the protection of the Byzantine emperors were almost in every case men of races alien to that of the imperial object of their care.

The very fact that this should have been the case constituted an admission that the actions and policy of the monarch were frequently at variance with the wishes and interests of his own people. It was because he felt that he could not rely upon the blind obedience and loyalty of his fellow-countrymen that he deemed it necessary to surround himself with defenders of foreign origin. He feared that if a native were called upon to choose between complying with an order from the sovereign and his duty as a patriot to his country it was the latter that would carry most weight, whereas an alien would have no such compunctions.

He appreciated a fact which it is well to remember in these modern times, when it is the fashion to cynically deride everything in the nature of patriotism, namely, that there are moments when its claims rise superior to every consideration of personal advantage.

Nowadays, when emperors and kings no longer claim to reign by right divine, but admit that their rule depends upon the will of the people, to which they are compelled to defer, there is no such occasion for foreign bodyguards as in the times when monarchical sway was of a more absolute character and when the population was ordinarily discontented and at odds with its sovereign.

Without harking back so far as the story according to which Pontius Pilate was led by his birth near Portingall, in Scotland, to surround himself afterward in Judea with a bodyguard of Scots, I would point out that most of the ancient kings of France had Scottish corps d'élite, organized and maintained for their personal protection. Later these Scottish guards, of whom a description will be found in Sir Walter Scott's popular novel "Quentin Durward," were superseded by Irish guards, from one of whom the late Marshal MacMahon was a direct descendant.

But already some time before the Revolution the places of the Scotch and Irish at the French court had been taken by Swiss regiments. Indeed, down to the middle of last century Swiss bodyguards figured at a number of European courts. Every student of French history will recall to mind the gallant stand made by the Swiss guards of Louis XVI in the courtyard of the Tuilleries in 1792, on the outbreak of the great French Revolution, and the destruction of the entire corps before the mob was able to obtain access to the royal palace.

Louis XVIII and King Charles X of France each had a Swiss bodyguard, and so too did the first and second kings of Holland after the restoration of the house of Orange to the Dutch throne in 1815. Bernadotte, the French-born King of Sweden, not only had a regiment of Swiss to guard his palace, but, moreover, entrusted many of the most important positions at his court to Berne and Argovian patricians, preferring to rely on their devotion rather than on the more than questionable loyalty of his

Scandinavian subjects. And although I cannot find any record of the presence of Swiss guards at Copenhagen during the past century, yet I am able to refer to Shakespeare as my authority for the fact that they formerly figured at the Court of Denmark, for Hamlet's step-father is made to exclaim: "Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door."

Among the last of temporal sovereigns to retain a Swiss bodyguard were the kings of Naples, and it was solely due to the fidelity and bravery of the late Francis II's Switzers that his now widowed Queen Marie was able to make so heroic a defense of the stronghold of Capua against the Garibaldian army.

If Swiss guards still figure at the Vatican, arrayed in the picturesque uniform designed for them by Michael Angelo 400 years ago, it is because the papacy is an international institution rather than a purely Italian organization. It is, therefore, only right and proper that the guards entrusted with the protection of the pontiff and of his court should be recruited from the one country in Europe that stands more than any other for neutrality and for the policy of holding aloof from international complications.

Then, too, there are several hundred families of patricians and peasants in the Catholic cantons of Switzerland who have for 600 years enjoyed the highly prized prerogative of placing their sons at the disposal of the pontiff for terms of service at Rome as members of his bodyguard. Plus ça change, plus ça change, and Plus X has seen no reason to withdraw this privilege, since, deprived as he is of all temporal sovereignty, no one can possibly consider his retention of his Swiss bodyguard as a leaning toward absolutism.

Orientalists were formerly almost as much in demand at foreign courts as Swiss, and figured as recently as in the reign of Alexander III at St. Petersburg, where the late Emperor's bodyguard of Moslem Tcherkess, or Turcomans, were scarcely able to utter a single word of Russian and disposed to regard the Muscovites as the traditional and hereditary foes of their race. Until a hundred years ago Moorish guards were among the most picturesque features of the Court of Madrid, and there were few continental monarchs who did not have their Heyducks, or Moslem bodyguards.

The celebrated Mameluke of the first Napoleon retains a niche in history as having on several occasions preserved from assassination his master, across whose door he was wont to sleep; and his great emperor, so suspicious of every one else, even of the most devoted of his generals, placed the blindest confidence in this dusky retainer, who had a number of men of his own race under his orders, and whose features and appearance have been preserved in many a painting portraying episodes of the Napoleonic era. The association of this Mameluke with Napoleon dated from his sojourn in Egypt.

But it is difficult to account for the predilection which the petty rulers of Germany used to display for Heyducks. In fact, the only explanation that I can find for their strange taste for these Moslem guards, whose very creed taught them hatred and lack of faith toward Christians, and who, therefore, deserved to be regarded with the utmost suspicion and distrust, was that, like Othello, they had no religious scruples which would interfere with the cutting of throats of any of their employer's subjects.

King Alfonso of Spain has one of the strangest bodyguards in all Europe. It differs from most of those mentioned above in that it is composed, not of aliens, but of fellow-countrymen, known as the Monteros de Espinosa. Their duty is to provide for the safety of the monarch while he is slumbering. In fact, it is to them that is entrusted the guard of the entire royal palace from dusk until 6 o'clock in the morning.

And while one of them is stationed at the entrance of the sleeping apartment of

each of the royal personages in the palace, others patrol, in felt slippers, without ceasing, the halls and corridors of the immense and somewhat gloomy palace which constitutes the metropolitan residence of the Kings of Spain. The corps was founded long before the kingdoms of the peninsula became united under one crown by Don Sancho Garcia, Count of Castile, in recognition of the services of a Hidalgo of the village of Espinosa, in the province of Burgos, who had saved the life of his eldest son.

After him, the kings of Castile maintained the corps exactly as the count had founded it, and since the union of the various kingdoms into one monarchy of Spain the sovereigns of the latter have always been guarded while they sleep by this ancient body. The membership thereof is hereditary and no one but a Hidalgo and a native of the village of Espinosa is admitted thereto. It is under the command of the grand master of the palace and is not bound to render obedience to any one else.

On the death of a king or of an infant of Spain its members guard the body and do not leave it until the termination of the obsequies, while on the document which certifies the death of the royal personage their signature is affixed to the identification of the body. In all the long history of the corps, extending over nearly a thousand years, there has never been known any instance of treachery or disloyalty to a sovereign on the part of the Monteros de Espinosa, whose very name has become synonymous with absolute devotion to the Crown. Thanks to them, the kings of Spain, no matter how stormy their days, can always be sure of rest and quiet, peace and absolute safety at night.

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FOAM AS FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Germans Develop Apparatus for Subduing Flames Easily.

Cuts Off Supply of Air Necessary to Support Heat and Combustion.

Consul Thomas H. Norton, of Chemnitz, submits the following description of a new German mechanism for fighting fire:

Fire chiefs and insurance companies are familiar with the dangers and difficulty inherent to combating conflagrations where petroleum, gasoline, benzine, or other liquid hydrocarbons, lighter than water, are involved. As is well known, the attempt to extinguish with streams of water in such cases results usually in a spreading of the inflammable liquid, an increase of the area of combustion, and a greater intensity of conflagration. The use of steam or of a current of inert gas is available only for incipient conflagrations in well-closed rooms. It presupposes, also, the permanent location on the spot of stationary apparatus for the purpose.

A distinct step forward in the means of battling with such conditions has been made in Germany, where the use of a tenacious foam, dissipated with difficulty, has been found of great value in cutting

off the supply of air necessary to maintain combustion, and thus extinguishing flames.

The method and the requisite apparatus have been perfected by a well-known Prussian manufacturing company at Salskotten, near Minden, Prussia, and have been submitted to exhaustive tests by fire chiefs and others interested in the question of protection against the dangers from combustible liquids. The apparatus employed consists of a simple metal cylinder provided with a long spout and divided into two chambers. One chamber is charged with an aqueous solution of potash alum and sodium sulphate, the other with a similar solution of sodium bicarbonate, sodium sulphate, and licorice-root extract.

DEADLOCKED OVER CLAIM.

Appraisers of Norfolk Ferries Fail to Reach Agreement.

The board of appraisers named to ascertain the value of the Norfolk County ferries and determine the amount due the Norfolk and Portsmouth Traction Company, for additions and improvements put upon the property during the ten years of its lease, are deadlocked, after two weeks' investigation and deliberation. Goodrich, Hatton, and L. M. Silvester, representing the city of Portsmouth and county of Norfolk, respectively, hold to a payment of \$136,000 due the traction company in improvements, while Appraisers Cramp and Robinson, representing the traction company, hold to a payment of \$135,000. Judge James L. McLenore, of the Circuit Court of Norfolk city, the referee appraiser, will determine the amount.

HELEN ROWLAND, THE WOMAN, IN HER HOME

Author of the "Bachelor Girl" Not the Man-hater She Paints Herself—Interview With Her.

Washingtonians will be interested to learn that Miss Helen Rowland, whose "Reflections of a Bachelor Girl" and "Sayings of Mrs. Solomon" have been appearing in The Washington Herald during the past year, is herself a Washingtonian by birth and education, although for the past few years she has lived in New York.

Her first writing was done for the High School Review, of which she was co-editor with Vivian Burnett, son of the author, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and with Elfrith Watkins, the well-known newspaper correspondent. Even in those days her keen satire and talent for verification caused her to be elected class poet at the time of her graduation.

But Miss Rowland had no intention, as she expresses it, "of becoming a poet in a garret." She yearned for the stage, and went later to Boston, where she studied at the Emerson College of Oratory. Upon her return, she made a name for herself as a dramatic reader. Percy Winter, then head of the National School of Acting, saw such promise in her that he offered her a free scholarship and obtained a position for her on the stage. One week of barnstorming satisfied Miss Rowland that a sweet home life was more to her taste and she returned a sadder but wiser girl.

It was then that she began writing for the Washington papers and contributing poems and stories to magazines.

Wanted Stage Elevated.

"I did this," she declares, "merely for pin-money while I was waiting for somebody to 'elevate' the stage, as I had given up that task myself. I thought that if somebody could 'elevate' it first, I would climb back on it."

After the death of her father, Mr. J. Lee Rowland, of this city, she went to New York to become a member of the staff of the New York Press, which she



HELEN ROWLAND, whose writings appear daily in The Washington Herald.

left a year later, when she married Gilbert Claude Lutz, a New York illustrated newspaper correspondent.

Since then she has published three books, "The Digressions of Polly," "The Widow," a delightful little dialogue-story, and "The Reflections of a Bachelor Girl," which appeared this spring. In a few short years she has established a unique place for herself among present-day humorists and satirists, and her witty writings have appeared not only in newspapers and magazines all over the United States, but in London as well, where her book, "Reflections of a Bachelor Girl," has already made something of a sensation.

Not until Miss Rowland took up the cudgels in behalf of her sex, did it occur to any man that there could be anything humorous about himself. From time immemorial, woman and her weaknesses have been the standing jokes at which every wit aimed his shafts, but with two-edged cynicism, Miss Rowland has turned the weapons and given Woe Man the most thorough grilling he ever has received.

The man who reads "The Reflections of a Bachelor Girl" from cover to cover will lay it down with a feeling of humility akin to pain. On second thoughts he will probably hasten to hide it from his wife; for, as the Bachelor Girl says: "It's a wise wife who knows how little she knows about her husband."

Knows About Love Game.

But what the Bachelor Girl doesn't know about men and the love game isn't worth knowing. She touches the very well-spring of masculine motives and methods, puts her finger on the tender spot, and rubs the medicine in. Yet all this is done so good naturedly and in such a genial spirit that there is a laugh in every line.

"Of course," sighed Miss Rowland, whom The Washington Herald correspondent found at work in her husband's New York studio, under a huge skylight among a variegated collection of curios, rugs, leopard skins, and so-called "junk" collected from many lands; "of course, marriage has been a dreadful blight, as well as a source of material in my writing. It is such a temptation to lean back in the shafts of matrimony and let a 'mere man' do all the pulling. But about a year ago I picked up a little book by Gelett Burgess, which I found on the deck of a steamer returning from Europe. And that book stirred all my writing and fighting blood. In it the author declared that woman was a jester; that she knew she was a joke and that she had always acknowledged that there was nothing humorous about a man."

"Well, I fancy I've revenged our sex for that insult! Heavens! If you couldn't look upon the bright side and take a man as a joke, life would, indeed, be very, very sad!"

"But the amazing thing to me is that so many people fancy I am a man-hater. Do I look like a man-hater? Do man-haters curl their front hair and wear fancy slippers and perfume their toilet paper. Now, wouldn't you fancy they would know that none but a married woman with 'lolly home hints' from her husband could write the things I write? Besides, only a married woman has a genuine right to be disappointed in love."

Brainstorm Soon Cured.

"This is the way it is done. For instance, when something goes wrong with my husband's collar button and there is a brainstorm in the dressing-room and the bulldog gets the benefit of it, I rush for my desk and write:

"One advantage of a bulldog over a baby is that you are not haunted by the harrowing fear that he will grow up to resemble his father! And that cures the brainstorm!"

"So you see, it is not so much inspiration as desperation that has driven me to write. It was desperation in the very beginning; for the career of an author in a garret was the last in the world I should have chosen. I wrote, not as most authors declare, because I was burning

Gentle Cynic Born in Washington and Did Her First Writing Here—Had Ambition to Go on Stage.

to put my thoughts on paper, but for a greater and stronger reason—because I needed the money. And then I wrote some more, because I needed some more money. But I always yearned for the stage, you know, and had a secret idea that I was cut out for a tragedy queen. Nothing but a merciful fate prevented me from perpetrating Lady Macbeth and Juliet upon a helpless public. If anybody had told me I should become a popular humorist, I think I should have died of mortification."

"But fate was kind after all. For now I have come to love my work, and there is no keener joy in all the wide world than turning out a good, round, swinging phrase or a pithy epigram. I don't pine to become a great playwright, or a famous novelist. I believe that there is a wonderful future in plain, every-day journalism, for the standard of newspaper humor is becoming higher every year. The public has tired of horse-play; it wants real wit and humor, subtly administered, not laid on in cakes. And, as for me, I would rather do first-class shoemaking, or washing and ironing, than second-class art. I would rather turn out a clever paragraph for the corner of a daily paper than the thickest trashy novel that ever was written."

Southern Type of Beauty.

Miss Rowland is of Virginian extraction, and of the Southern type of beauty, having black hair, with a dash of Irish thrown in, which gives her gray eyes. In winter she lives the ideal Bohemian existence in her husband's studio, and in summer hibernates among the Connecticut foothills, where she is building a bungalow. The studio, which has living rooms and a kitchenette attached, is presided over by a gentle Oriental from far Japan.

"For," Miss Rowland declares, "even if I ever attain my highest ambition, I shall never like lobster palaces and pink teas. I haven't found Bohemia yet; but I've got a little Bohemia all my own—and I consider pink teas a form of perdition."

"And what is your highest ambition?" inquired the interviewer.

"To be well known as Sapollo and Omega Oil," returned Miss Rowland promptly.

GODCHILD OF MISS HELEN GOULD.



This little girl was given a \$1,000 consecration dress by her godmother when she was consecrated recently in New York. Her name is Anna Maria Gordinola, and she is a daughter of Rev. Samuel F. Gordinola, of Mexico.

ART OF AUCTIONEERING

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

It was recently announced by an auctioneer firm in Washington, D. C., that the cradle of George Washington and a mirror once owned by the "First Lady of the Land" would be sold at public auction in that city. The attention attracted was country-wide, for Washington relies at auctions are quite rare. The special sale was held in due time, the property of the old Magruder estate—an old family homestead near Mount Vernon—being disposed of. There was much fine furniture and furnishings, and some of it brought good prices, especially those articles that had been obtained by the Magruders from the Mount Vernon estate.

Many of the prospective buyers were disappointed, however, because at the eleventh hour it was announced that the Washington cradle and mirror had been withdrawn. Those articles are held by a representative of the Magruder estate in Washington, with a view to letting Congress purchase them for the National Museum, as is proposed in a bill recently introduced in the House of Representatives.

That was one case where the auctioneer was deprived of the opportunity to make good. He has made good in so many other cases, however, that one failure should not be counted against him, when, in fact, he is one of the most popular and successful members of the community. His business, once discredited, is now recognized as one of the fine, as well as useful, arts—the art of persuasion, it has been aptly called.

The auctioneer can point with pride to the long and honorable history of his profession. Some authorities trace that history back almost to the days of Noah and Adam, and it is certain that the profession is much older than Methuselah. The first recorded auction, according to Josephus, occurred when the children of Israel captured a certain city, and, after looting it, sold their plunder at public "outcry." According to another authority, when Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah for "400 shekels of silver," the transaction was made by auction.

Later Laban is said to have sold Rachel to Jacob at auction, the price being certain services on Jacob's part, which, according to tradition, he failed to perform. Within the last seventy-five years the auctioneering profession in the United States has advanced enormously in the amount and character of the business transacted, as well as in the improved standing of the profession among the people generally. Early in the last century there was great opposition to auctions and auctioneers, which culminated in 1825 when a petition to Congress was signed by a number of New York merchants urging that the government impose a heavy tax on the auctioneering business, with a view to destroying it altogether. At that time the New York auctioneers dealt largely in imported goods, and they were charged with demoralizing the market and with other more or less heinous offenses. They replied to these charges in a memorial to Congress, to such good purpose that they were not taxed to death.

Since then the usefulness and activity of auctioneers has increased until to-day the demand far exceeds the supply. In the panic period from 1873 to 1875, when many business failures occurred, auctioneers were constantly occupied closing out insolvent firms, etc. On that account, and because the auctioneer is frequently called in to settle an estate after the death of an owner, some people have an idea that the auctioneer is a sort of a vulture. On the contrary, he is generally admitted to be a benefactor to the race. He usually sells things in the fairest possible way and affords people a chance to buy at their own prices. If they pay more than an article is worth that is not the auctioneer's fault.

The boast of the profession, as an Iowa auctioneer said in an advertisement not long ago, is that it "makes sales of anything anywhere this side of the Cies-tine Reins. A glance at a few recent auctions shows this to be true. A cemetery was sold not long ago to a Pennsylvania man, who wished to utilize it as a private burying ground. A choice assortment of old tombstones, grave rails,

and headstones was offered for sale in the graveyard of St. Peter's Church, in the Bronx, New York. Another odd auction sale was that which disposed of the battlefield of Gettysburg, near Cold Harbor, where Stonewall Jackson met the Union army in 1862.

Not long ago the Basingstoke Canal, in England, thirty-seven miles long, with twenty-nine locks and an annual revenue of \$1,000,000, was offered for sale at auction. Perhaps the only instance of an entire village coming under the hammer was that of Winthrop Harbor, near Dowie's famous Zion City, Ill., which is said to have been bought by agents of the now deceased prophet. Some years ago a New Jersey man purchased two ponds at auction, and made a great fortune from chalk deposits found in the bed of the ponds. A number of railroads have been sold at auction. Unique among most notable instances occurring in 1891, when the Union Pacific, between Omaha and Ogden, was sold by order of the United States government, bringing \$3,000,000.

The government frequently patronizes the auctioneer. In war time captured prizes are sold at auction. In the piping times of peace imports on which customs duties are paid are sold at auction, as are also obsolete naval vessels and old furniture and other junk that accumulates in the Capitol and department buildings. Not long ago a number of demijohns were disposed of at a War Department sale. Nobody explained how they happened to be among the effects of the government, despite the anti-teen law.

The annual dead-lion auction is a feature of Washington life, and though analogous to a large extent to the letter and package, a lot of useless stuff is generally bought for the fun of the thing. The "old hoss" sales of express companies in many cities dispose of the unclaimed packages, and as it is "buying a pig in a poke" game, there is much fun attached to such auctions. Where one man may bid in a package for a song and find that it contains valuable jewelry, another may pay much for a large box, to find it holds a rusty plow share.

Auctioneers, like the members of every other profession, are specializing. There are many real estate auctioneers, especially in the large cities. In Boston there is a Massachusetts man, who follows the so-called "speeder" plan, which is said to have been invented by his father. Under this system a piece of land is divided into several parcels. Bids are solicited alternately upon the plot as a whole and upon each parcel, and it is sold together or in parts, whichever way it will bring the most money.

In the West, live-stock auctioneering is a popular and lucrative branch of the business. Some auctioneers deal particularly in furniture, antiques, curios, and art objects. New York and Washington are fertile fields for these specialists. In the latter city several auctioneers are of government officials and others coming and going, who furnish houses when they arrive and sell out at auction when they depart. Articles belonging to ex-President Cleveland were sold by one of these specialists. Recently the Minister were recently sold there. There are well-known auctions periodically in New York of books, stamps, coins, rugs, etc. One London firm has been conducting book auctions for over a century.

In New York several auctioneers conduct clearing houses of insolvency and do business aggregating over \$1,000,000 a year in unredeemed pledges of pawn shops. In Australia and New Zealand wool is auctioned regularly. In Sumatra the coffee crop is marketed in that way. In London there are auctions from time to time of hides, skins, leather, horns, bones, tallow, lumber, and other products. At a Dutch sale, the auctioneer begins by naming a high price and gradually reducing it until he reaches a figure which somebody is willing to give.

Auctioneers are subject to licenses and other governmental regulations almost everywhere. They are paid on a commission basis. The prices obtained for various articles vary greatly with the personality of the auctioneer, his method of advertising, his location, and season of the sale, the temper of his audience, and other conditions. Sometimes a thing brings more at auction than it would at private sale. Then again something valuable goes for less. In England there is an Auctioneers' Institute with a membership of 500. There is also a quarterly magazine published quoting auction prices obtained for all sorts of things in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin.

There is an old theory that an auctioneer, like a poet, is born, not made; but that does not seem to be borne out by the facts. Some years ago John T. Graham, of Des Moines, Iowa, started the first school of auctioneering, from which knights of the hammer were turned out after a four weeks' course. During that time they were taught the tricks of the profession, voice culture, how to do, and what to say under almost every conceivable circumstance, and other useful knowledge, which was epitomized under the heading of fifty-eight suggestions. While education does much, natural talent counts for a great deal also, as do experience and heredity. There have been many families of auctioneers. Representative Greene, of Massachusetts, belongs to one of them. His father started business at Natchez, Miss., in 1833. The Representative succeeded his sire, as young Mr. Greene will succeed the present head of the firm.

During the Democratic filibuster in the House of Representatives several years ago, when there were roll calls on every possible proposition, the voices of the reading clerks were worn out, and a Capitol policeman, who was an ex-auctioneer, was called to the rescue. For days his tireless fog-horn voice was heard from one end of the Capitol to the other.

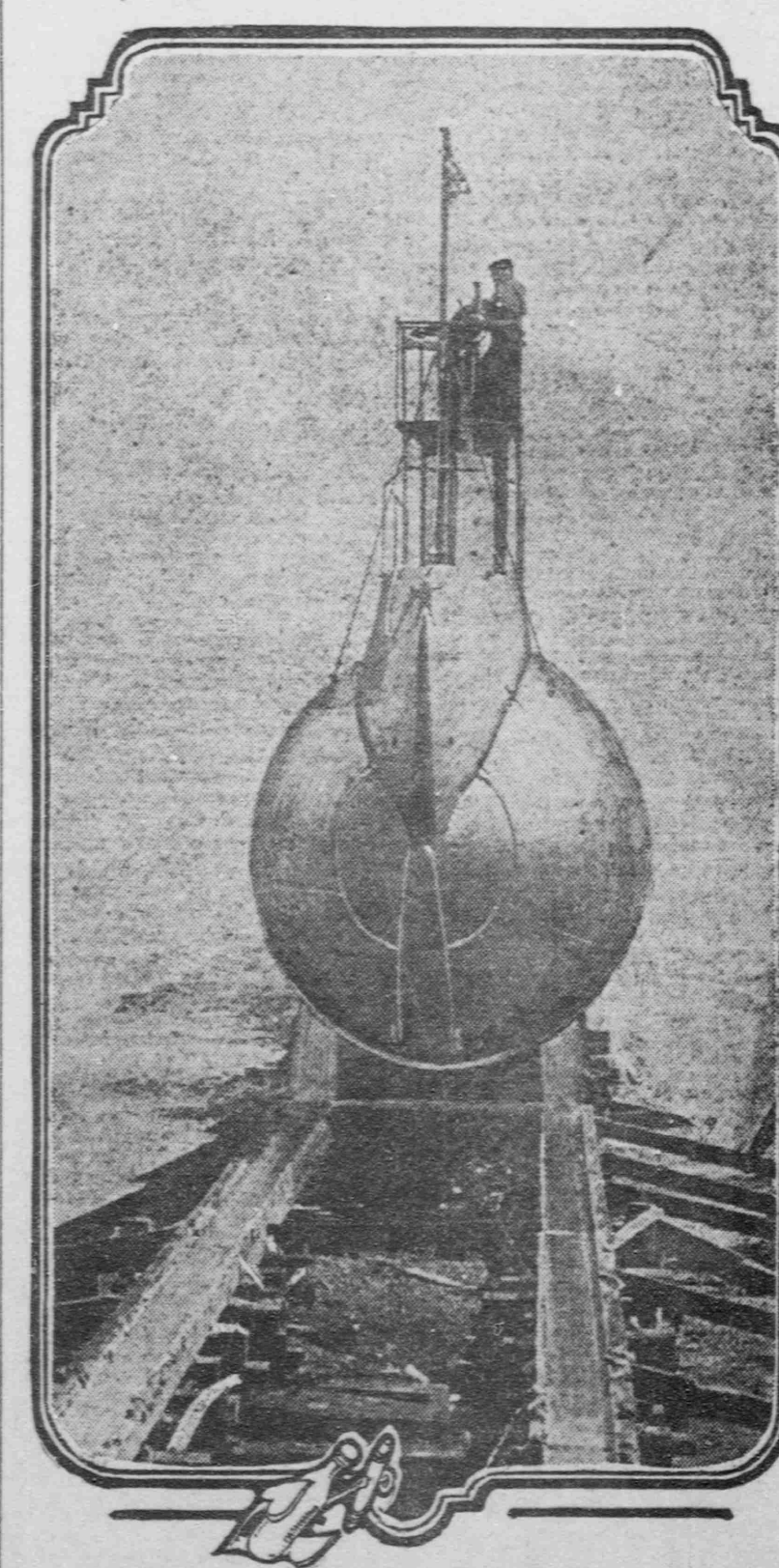
The qualifications of a good auctioneer are many. An Ottawa authority summarized them as follows: "He must be strictly temperate, moderately honest, and up to date." In addition to these qualifications, he should have good health, a "gift of gab," a pleasant voice, a presence, and a knowledge of languages; be an excellent judge of human nature, well informed about the things he sells, good-tempered, and quick-witted; altogether "the sunniest man in the world." He must have a sort of hypnotic power if he would emulate the man who induced a street-sweeper to buy a base viol, which the disgraced laborer later broke into the kindling wood. The ideal knight of the hammer plays upon the feelings of his customers as a successful adroit away a jury or a musician coaxes and woos his instrument.

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To-morrow—Public Lectures in Schools.

Spanish Executioner's Remorse.

From the London Telegraph. A curious story comes from Seville. On Sunday night the local executioner died, his death being due to remorse. For several years he had not carried out any executions, but recently he was summoned to Cordova to inflict the final penalty on some criminals. The impression made upon him was so painful that he was unable to face the ordeal when summoned to execute the last criminal condemned in Seville, and the sentence will have to be carried out by the Madrid executioner.



Picture of the new United States submarine Stingray, which, with her sister ships Tarpon and Narwhal, were recently launched at the Fore River Ship Building Company's yards, Quincy, Mass. She is 105 feet long, and when completed will be one of the finest submarines in the world.